IN OLDEN TIMES.

If turkey failed and beef was tough.
With toil and debt increasing.
We sighed not, but we ate enough.
And laughed because the times were
And care's demands unceasing.

Beyond the clouds the future stood With gifts of joy or sorrow, We trusted God to make them good, And waited still, in thankfui mood, The dawning of the morrow.

"Things might be worse," the father said,
"Hope darkened more," said mother;
"The household memories were not dead,
The household angols had not fied,
God saved us to each other."

And so that old Thanksgiving Day, In doubt and darkness rising. Was full of praise, and love's sweet way Held over all its gentle sway. Our souls in joy baptizing.

Oh! not for pleasure's idle reign, Nor luxury's soft condition, Uprises praise that sweeten pain And faith that ripens souls like grain For harvest fields elysian. Thanksgiving, in the humble home Where toll and care are neighbor Brings down, somehow, from kingd Where toll and only from kin Brings down, somehow, from kin And faith that lightens sorrows And faith that lightens arrows

Despise no day of little things, No joy in lowly station; For tolers may be more than kings To Him who giveth prayer its wings And faith its coronation.

And in the happy years that lie Beyond the shadowy river. The souls that rather sing than sigh liny still be blessed and gladdened by Thanksgiving days forever. —B.S. Furker, in Memphis Sunday To

"LITTLE BILLY."

How He and the "Boys" Treated Widow St. Clair.

Some twenty-five miles south of the capital of Ohio, in the rich valley of the oto, is the quaint town of C-If any part of this cradle of Presidents Senators, Chief Justices and great Generals deserves to be called "classic ground," this valley of the Scioto preeminently has that claim. It bears abundant testimony to prehistoric occupation by a people well advanced in arts and sciences. On both sides of the river were mounds, fortifications and sacred inclosures, concerning which the Indians, who occupied these lands at the coming of the white man, had no traditions. Within a radius of seven miles several severe battles were fought between the Indians and whites in the latter part of the eighteenth cen-

Once this was dotted with Indian villages; here in olden times burned the council fire of the red men; here the affairs of the nation were discussed in general council and the important questions of peace and war decided. When these restless tribes made incursions to other States and captured prisoners, they were brought here to pass through the terrible ordeal of running the gaunt-let or to be immolated upon the altar of the red man's vengeance, and made to suffer every torture that savage ingenuity could invent. Here, too, Logan made that famous speech which has stirred the heart of every American school boy ever since.

In the early part of the present cen-tury, when Pickaway County was formed, the land which was afterward covered with this town of C-was designed and laid out as the county On the very center of this site was a circular fort or sacred inclosure tained at its center a remarkable mound with semi-circular payement at the east. It was decided by those who had the matter in charge that this anbeen, should be the center of the town. contain the court-house, and from it the

streets should diverge. So a town with all the streets radii of a circle was It was well enough to begin with, but

as the years went by a thriving village sprung up. Men of stirring business qualities became residents—men who liked to have things like other per So it came about gradually that there was something wrong with the town. The village magistrates began to talk the matter over. The more they talked the less it seemed desirable to have that o tagon court-house the center of every thing. After mature deliberation it was decided "to square the circle," which which they at once proceeded to do. That town was squared, and you should have seen it a few years after the squaring process as I d.d. At this time I had no idea of its mathemat cal struggle and I stood at the hotel window and gazed in amazement. Most of the houses within my range of vision seemed to me to have been built somewhere in the ethereal blue and then deliberately dropped down to hit as they would and the come stationary, the front yards had such a hap-hazard, crazy-quilt look. To my young eyes the town had the strange appearance of being governed by chance, such as Hafid saw in his dreams, and I instantly turned to the fruit trees half expecting that the apple trees would bend under their weight of pumpkins and that the cherry trees would le loaded with ripe, golden cu-

The fruit trees were evidently all right, and so was every thing else ex-ce t the houses. These must certainly have had a dance by moonlight, waltzed a a ound and got so m xed up that they never could get back into a re-

spectable position again.

Time softens and changes all things. It soon brought a very perceptible dif-ference in this squared town. The owners of these "skew-wiff houses," as the children were accustomed to call them, never felt quite at home cat-a-cornered to the street. So those dwellings were torn down and others took their places. The town had been settled mostly by Virginians, blue blooded and aristo-Virginians, blue blooded and aristo-cratic, fond of their money bags, thoroughbred stock and great farms on Darby or Pickaway plains. Money was pleuty, and though the old house disand though the old house dis-ed, there was enough left of the r town to give a quaint look to appeared, there was enough left of the circular town to give a quaint look to the beautiful spot. Those whose homes had once been here regarded it as the garden mot of Ohio and loved it as the place of all places. There could be no cosmopolites among its dwellers, the very spirit of the place precluded such

on the outskirts of this more than Southern town, lived the widow St. in a tiny cottage. This woman, a people said, had been years be a belle and heirers and beloved by body. For twenty years she had in this cettage, seeking no society charming those who would have

The News-Herald, no soul had been a dmitted beneath her roof for three years at least, except an old colored servant who had been her

waiting maid in happier times.

This woman came at stated intervals and did what she could for her old mis-HILLSBORO. I I OHIO. tress. The remuneration for such services had long since ceased, but the faithful Nannie insisted that it was a blessed privilege "to be 'lowed to wait on Miss Nora."

on Miss Nora."

Our story opens in November of 1860, the day before Thanksgiving. This little cottage, with c ustering, leafless vines and little patch of flowers stuck in front, whose glory had long since departed, was particularly dreary. And, what added most to make the picture touching and one to be remembered, was the sad, hollow-eyed woman, with her hands clasped together, whose look told of despair of hope deferred until the human heart could bear no longer. Every chord was strained to its highest tension. If another wind of adversity should sweep over them with chilling blast they would never more vibrate to blast they would never more vibrate to tone of love or kiss of affection. The heart, that harp of countless strings, would be broken and voiceless. As the woman sat there, a very picture of de-spair, a rider passed by. The splendid horse upon which this young man, perhaps twenty years of age, was riding, had been curbed to suit his master's pleasure. He was dreaming swee dreams of Lizzie Miller, the faires daughter of old farmer Miller, of Darby.

As he rode slowly along, the face at the window awakened him from his reverie. "What can be the matter with Widow St. Clair?" he exclaimed aloud after he had passed the cottage. "I wonder if anybody ever looks after that poor, for orn creature? It is a shame in Roland to allow her to wear her keart out in waiting, if he is alive. He is probably dead, though, years ago. It is quite evident that something must be done."

The rider passed on, but all day long that white face at the window haunted him. He thought: "It's a burning shame—a womar alone all these years. It's partly her own choosing, of course, but why don't somebody look her up for sweet charity's sake?"

Then after a thoughtful silence he tossed back his head, brought his gloved tossee back in a least to the pommel with a vigorous blow and exclaimed: "By the great horn spoon, I'll do it!"

As the evening approached a cool breeze sprung up, and the air began to bear indications of snow. The comfort-able, happy homes were all ablaze with light. Joe Bruff's restaurant and billiard parlors, just round the corner from the American House, had never looked more inviting than to-night. Several young men were already standing about in groups talking, and some were apparently waiting for others. The Thanksgiving ball to-morrow night was the subject of conversation amongst them. This was to be a marked event,

The door opened again and Will Kirkland, the young man who had ridden down the Darby road in the morning, stepped in. The boys all greeted him with a hand shake or a "Hello, Billy! am glad you've come." He was evidently a favorite and a leader amongst these boys, or rather young men. The former knots of two and three were broken up and they all gath-ered in the group about the last comer.

"What's up now, Billy?" said one.
"Did you get the mitten this morning?
Had some fellow got ahead of ye, or was
the old man at home?" The boys all
laughed and Billy biushed to the roots of his hair, for it was generally understood that the young man's wooing of Farmer Miller's daughter proceeded

under difficulties.

Billy had a heart as big as an ox. but be had neither money nor expectations of any sort and Farmer Miller's heart opened only to golden keys. When the laugh was over, the young man replied, nodding his head to the young fellow who had chaffed him: "It's all right on Darby, George. Every thing for the ball to morrow night is respected. We'll

let that rest. "Now, boys," he added, addressing the whole group, "I've got a project on hand, and shall need the assistance of every one of you to help me carry

"All right," chimed George Crutz,

"The with you in any sort of a good time, you know."
"And I, and I," went the rounds.
"What is it, Will?" queried tall Char-

lie Deland. "Now, boys," said Will, "I must con fess that this matter is a little out of the usual sort for us, but when you understand it, I'm sure of every one of you.' "Spit it out, Billy; the crowd is O K every time," said a young giant who towered nearly a foot above the rest.

The speaker continued: boys, when I rode up toward Darby this morning, as I passed the Widow St. Clair's shebang—that isn't quite the name for it, you know, but it did look mighty poor this morning, I tell you, and her wretched face at that little win dow has haunted me ever since-friends, I tell you that woman-who has bee such a martyr to man's inhumanityhas felt the pangs of both cold and hun ger, and she needs help from somebody soon, that's certain."

"Do you think she's starving, Will? How did you find it all out?" said Frank Thompson, whose pocketbook was al-ready in his hand. "She is a woman, too. and of the pluck that I have always admired. Why, boys, I heard some of the old folks, 'Squire Gregg, Mr. Clarke and some of the others up at the bank the other night, saying that thirty years ago she was an awful pretty girl, an orphan, and owned the finest house in town, four hundred acres on the Pickaway plains, and no end of other prop-erty besides. That dandy, St. Clair, came into those parts. He claimed to be a relative of old Governor St. Clair, had just returned from Europe, and was all the go amongst the girls. Before anybody had time to think about it, the anyoody had time to think about it, the beautiful Miss Nelson was Mrs. St. Clair, and in ten years this profligate gambler, as he turned out to be, had squandered her property, gone to the dogs and died."

"Yes," added George Crutz, "I've heard mother say she had her five-year-old boy, her diamonds and the little old boy, her diamonds and the little house and patch of land about it, a broken heart, and that was all. She moved into the house and educated Roland herself until he was ready for college and then sent him to Williams. After he was through there he came back and soon disappeared—probably a chip off from the old block."

"Some men are too mean for anything but it doesn't seem as though

"Some men are toe mean for any-thing, but it doesn't seem as though Roland would desert his mother like this," said a young man some years the senior of the rest of the crowd. "I know him and he was a nice fellow, He must be dead—went to sea, I

"Wall, beys," said the first speaker,
"L'ittle Billy," as he was called, "the
question is what shall we do for the
widow St. Cla'r? I went to see black
Han just before I came here and she

says the poor woman is really destitute, though she never complains. She's good grit, you see, and what we do will have to be done in such a way that the donors can't be tracked."

"I'll give a barrel of flour and this teu-dollar bill," said one, passing his

In a moment every pocket-book was out and the hand that was stretched out for the first bill was filled to over-flowing, making up a goodly sum of

"Come on, Frank" said Walter Sims "we will go to father's store and load up a few things, take in John's barrel of flour, and if any body thinks of any thing to add to our load, why all right. We will see you in a couple of hours."

Not one of the whole set had ever known the "luxury of a want" but the young fellow who had been so moved by the pale-faced widow. Since his tenth year he had cared for and supported his widowed mother and always managed to keep pace with the richer boys of the town, and, what was very unusual, he had been their firm friend and companion in all his leisure hours, and in fact a leader amongst them.

In two hours the load was prepared and you should have seen it! There was the harrel of fleur apples sweet.

was the barrel of flour, apples, sweet and Irish potatoes, sugar, coffee, tea, hams, canned fruit and boxes with spices and raisins, crocks of eggs, butter, lard, and then, lashed to the top, were chickens and a monstrous fat

The boys assembled to inspect the and, after exerting considerable satisfaction, it was decided that these things should be placed just before morning in the widow's yard, and that a watch should be kept over them until daylight. Black Nan had been let into the secret, and she volunteered to go and spend the night with her old mistress, as she was sometimes in the habit of doing. Then the money, which was still \$100, was to be sent next day by a

trusted messenger. Soon after dark the faithful colored

Soon after dark the faithful colored woman rapped and was admitted at the cottage. She greeted Mrs. St. Clair with: "Bein' as 'twas the night afo' Thanksgivin', I tho't you'd be kinder lonely like, honey, an' so I fotched my blanket to stay all night. I's toted the least bit of a supper for you, too."

"You're so kind to me Nannie; the only friend I've got now," said Mrs. St. Clair, and the tears gathered in the eyes that looked as though the fountain from whence they sprung was bitter indeed. The black woman paid no attention to this remark, but, placing a chair at the table, said: "Now, honey, jus' set right down here and cat this bit afo' it's stone cold." The mistress did as requested, and Nannie hustled about the room dusting a book here and there and keeping up a great display of there and keeping up a great display of work, when in fact there was nothing to do. She brightened the fire, moved Mrs. St. Clair's rocker where she would feel the glowing warmth, went into the next room and brought out several or-naments, which she disposed of in such a way as to add very materially to the

It occurred to Nan that the boys might make some noise in removing the various articles from the wagon. So with the idea of getting her mistress to think that the disturbance could be easily explained if she heard it, Nan said: "Pears to me its dreadful late in the year to 'low cows to browse out as Mr. Jones do. I saw free or fou' in

the Darby road as I come 'long.''
"Perhaps the gate is left open so that
they can seek shelter if necessary," Mrs. St. Clair replied.

Nan managed to peer into a good many places, and when she laid down on her blanket she whispered softly to

herself, "Dem boys ain't comin' none too soon, dat's shur." She chuckled te herself at the thought of the morning and soon fell fast asleep.

The first thing she knew something whacked against the door. She hoped Mrs. St. Clair had not wakened, but she

did and called softly "Nannie." 'Yes, missus: I heard it. Dem p ows must be on a rampage, but dey can't do no hurt, nohow, so don't you noise, but the explanation seemed satisfactory and nothing more was said. Nan was astir early, but she managed not to go near the door. After Mrs. St. Clair had risen and dressed she stepped to the door and overed it.

"Come here, Nannie, quick!" she cried, "the door is blockaded. What can it mean?" to the door and opened it.

"Why, Missus St. Ciair, what do you mean?" and she hustled in the mean?" and she hustled in the very picture of surprise. "Law me, Miss Nors, how you seared me. Im all out of breff. If that's what you call blockading, I wish some un 'd do dat same at our house, sure 'nuff!" and she proceeded to take down boxes and pack-ages that were piled to the very top of

Mrs. St. Clair turned pale, sat down and wept softly, without a word. Nan-nie worked with right good will to remove the articles to proper places. She talked incessantly. "There," she said, talked incessantly. "There," she said, "some folks say dat the Lord 'specially members the widders and faderless chiluns Thanksgivin' time, and this 'pears to look like it. Thar, you fat turkey, you'll make a fine dinner. I'll put reglar old Virginia stuffin in yedat I will—and then them cranberries makes good sass, too. For goodness sakes, what's dis 'tached to de door Now, honey, you read dis and

see what it says."

What she spoke of was a large envelope fastened to the knob, upon which was written: "Mrs. St. Clair, a Thanksgiving present from the boys," and when it was opened \$100 in banknotes

rell out.

"Jes like dem boys, any how," said the servant, but the mistress heard never a word. She had risen; turned and sank upon her knees, and such a prayer of thankfulness as poured from her lips is seldom the lot of mortals to hear. Her last dollar was gone and her food nearly exhausted. She was too proud to seek help from the old friends she had avoided. Every day she had hoped for the return of Roland, but it was now three years since he sailed from London to Australia and no word had reached her in that time. She had hoped for his return until her heart had slokened with hope so long deferred, and she was now on the very verge of despair. As black Nan had stepped in the night before she was thinking that she must have drank every dreg out of her life's cup of bitterness.

terness.

This was the dear old town where both her parents had been laid to rest before she had reached her eighteenth birthday. Here was the grave of her husband and here, too, her Roland had

She had loved and trusted her friends until they spoke harsh things of her husband. Some were true, others were not. He had gambled a little, that was true. Many young men had done the same thing and had afterward led model lives. He was gone and she would not permit a word against him. If she must suffer through his thoughtlessness.

those who had flattered him living and condemned him dead should never know the real truth until she could prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt. So she wrapped the mantle of her pride about her, gave up the elegant home, the farm and every tring else and went to live in this little cottage.

She knew that the greater part of the money for which her estate had been mortgaged went to pay up the debts upon some ancestral estates belonging to her husband's family of which he expected possession in a year from the

pected possession in a year from the period of his sudden death. It never courred to her that these estates migh not revert to her son until he was of age and she could not prove his legitimate descent from that old family. To her surprise she learned that a younger beather claimed the estate. She had her surprise she learned that a younger brother claimed the estate. She had no longer means to establish his claim, so she bided her time. She sold her diamonds, educated her boy and sent him abroad with the papers necessary to establish his claim to the "Lindens," that valuable ancestral estate which her husband had claimed and would un-doubtedly have had but for his untimely death. Roland's last letter said his claim was about established and he was to be put in possession immediately upon his return from Australia where were other interests that re-verted to him upon the death of his grandfather. This was three years be-fore and since that time no word had reached her from her son. She feared that he had met his death in some mysterious way, and yet hoped on, always waiting—always waiting—for the son

Last night she had prayed to die.
This morning her heart glowed with hope. This human sympathy, this kindly remembrance of somebody had touched her heart with tenderness. She had thought in her hours of loneliness that all craving for companionship and love, unless it came from Roland, had burned out of her soul. But no; this kindness in her time of need opened the depths of her nature, and there came welling up such a sense of tenderness, love and thankfulness that the poor

woman was overwhelmed. The Thanksgiving day brought the first gleam of happiness that the lonely woman had felt for days and years, and

woman had felt for days and years, and foreshadowed the great happiness that was to follow close in its footsteps.

Before the yule logs were lighted and the Christmas carol sung, the widow's heart was overflowing with joy. The wanderer had returned. After an unaccountable delay Roland found himself in possession of the Australian property, which would more than restore his mother's fortune. For some reason the money which had been sent abroad to the grandfather had been invested in this far away land, and had come back to Mrs. St. Clair doubled and trebled to Mrs. St. Clair doubled and trebled after these many years. The "Lindens" was still in chancery and might remain there for another generation. The old home was purchased and the widow and her son returned to it. "Little Billy" became a successful business man, and they do say that his good luck was the direct result of the Widow St. Clair's Thanksgiving.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ome Timely Suggestions |Concerning

Among the most desirable dresses for winter are those of fine woolen that a lady may wear at home from breakfast to luncheon, and by adding a cloth jacket or other wrap be suitably dressed for the street at any time of day. For such dresses the choice is soft twilled wool, either serge or homespun, costing from one dollar to three dollars a yard, in dark stylish shades of blue (either navy or gray blue, mulberry, green, brown, park red or black. The entire dress may be of this fabric, mounted on a silk or alapaca foundation skirt, and its trimming is black silk passementerie or galloon, for colored and for black as panels down one side from belt to foot, and covering all that part of the lower skirt not concealed by the apre-drapery. The back drapery is full an nearly straight. The basque is single-breasted, with revers covered with the passementeric, beginning at the shoulder seams next the collar, and tapering to the waist line, where that of the right side crosses to the left of the basque, and is fastened by a hook and basque, and is fastened by a hook and eye. The high standing collar is covered with the gimp, and so are the small cuffs; a bit of the gimp may be lengthwise on the two box sleats of the back of the basque, or else there may be two barrel-shaped buttons therefconnected by cord loops. Very small crocheted buttons fasten the dress. To complete this for the street there should be a tail-or incket of thick cloth the color of the or jacket of thick cloth the color of the dress, with black cord brandebourgs and barrel-shaped buttons, and a collar and cuffs of black fur—either of Persian

amb or black marten. There are also many striped woolens There are also many striped woolens to be used for entire dresses; these have twilled stripes wider than the hair stripes worn during the summer, and are in great favor in brown, in green and in dark red shades; also in black with white stripes. A fancy with young ladies is to retain the surah plastrons made like shirt bosoms for these dresses, especially in contrasting colors, such as a red surah plastron in a brown striped. especially in contrasting colors, such as a red surah plastron in a brown striped woolen. A short sacque of striped wool cloth may be worn with such a dress, and this has a hood lined with contrasting surah. The fancy for wearing basques of plain cloth with striped skirts is an economical one, and will be retained. The newest of such dresses has a regular waistoost of the striped goods tained. The newest of such dresses has a regular waistooat of the striped goods like the skirt, made in a separate piece, with the back of silesia, and over this is worn the plain cloth cut-away coat. The pretty striped waistooat may have a turned-over revers collar, like that of a man's morning coat, and inside this is placed a sailor-knotted scarf of light silk. The jacket of plain cloth buttons but once, just below the collar of the waistooat, and is cut away thence to the sides; it has bound edges, a narrow turned-over notched collar, small side pockets with flaps, and there are two braid buttons to designate the line of the waist in the back, where the middle seam is left open and lapped. The hat with such a suit is a felt turban bought from a hatter, or else the tailor makes a small toque of the plain cloth like the jacket, and trims it with velvet loops and revers.

jacket, and trims it with volvet loops and revers.

When a cloth coat is not liked with this suit, then a sling-sleeve cape is added, which may be of cloth or of seal-skin plush, trimmed only at the neck and in a short V in front with fur, and lined with gay wadded silk. These capes are imported in velvet, in plain and in figured plush, in plain cloth, or checked, or striped, and in all fure from leopard-akins to sables.—Harper's

FATTENING SWINE

A Few Timely Hints For Those Who Are Preparing Hogs for Market. Swine should be pushed forward in mild weather as fast as possible, as they

will gain flesh more rapidly on the same quantity of food than in freezing weather. During the fattening process it has been found highly beneficial to feed a moderate quantity of pumpkins, for when this is done they assist the digestion of the grain or meal given the wine, and enables them to more perfeetly and economically turn it into flesh, thus saving a considerable per-centage in the consumption of food. Pumpkins, or, what are richer and betfumpkins, or, what are richer and bet-ter, winter squashes, ought to be grown especially for this purpose by all swine keepers. Aside from this, they are ex-cellent for the store stock, as they will do well if fed alone on these—that s, provided they are of a good, quiet

When pumpkins are not on had a few roots may be given raw, of which beets and carrots are better than potatoes, ruta-bagas, or common turnips. The last are very poor feed for this purpose, being better for cattle. Grass, and especially clover, is an excellent substitute for roots, so long as it remains green and growing in autumn, but when turned out to this, the swine ought to have a warm shed, into which they can come when fed and to protect them-selves from dew and frost during the

night, as well as from storms.

To make superior hams and bacon, corn should be mixed with oats or barley, or perhaps rye might answer, at the rate of one-half to a third of one of the rate of one-half to a third of one of the latter to the former, and ground thus together. Such feed increases the proportion of tender, juicy, lean streaking the fat, which is essential to produce a fine quality of hams and bacon. If fat pork for salting and barreling alone is wanted, then pure corn, whole or ground into coarse meal, is the best feed, joined with some pumpkin or roots, barley or rive, as recommended roots, above. barley or rye, as recommended

Canadians occasionally substitute bar-ley for corn, as do the English and Scotch also. Formerly, before our corn was imported into Great Britain, the farmers there fattened their swine almost entirely on barley, and their hams and bacon, in consequence of this, were quite nice, especially when made from the Berkshire breed. When not runthe Berkshire breed. When not running on a grass lot, give the sw ne a few lumps of charcoal or chunks of rotten wool to gnaw. It is said that the former is a preventive of cholera, being an antiseptic, but whether so or not, both of the above are very healthful.— American Agriculturist.

SMALL BRIDGES.

Suggestions of Interest to Every Dweller in Country Districts. The construction of bridges is one of

those labors which at times fall upon the farmer, and every farmer should know something of the business. A Kansas farmer who has had to build more than once to bridge a stream on his farm gives the following: "Stone, if you can get a solid foundation, will last the longest, but up this way the creek bottoms are so soft that, after recreek bottoms are so soft that, after repeated failures, we have fallen lack on
posts altogether. At present we are
using hard pine, and it will last twice
as long at least. I use string-pieces 3
by 12, 16 feet long, putting five or six in
a bridge, using four posts at early end
and covering with 14-foot planks. On
the inside of the posts we saw in one
and a half inches and make a notch at
the ten extending 10 inches below the the top extending 10 inches below the top of the post; in this we spike a one-foot plank, and that holds up the stringers. The stringers are notched at the ends about two inches, so they fall below the top of the cross planks; that keeps the ends from falling in when the dirt is thrown against them. Four of the stringers are spiked with heavy bridges are fastened to the posts in the same way. This is the general plan, but is varied more or less according to the situation. Bridges should be raised some above the level of the road, so some above the level of the road, so that when a team comes to the bridge they will naturally slack up and go slowly over the bridge, and when high water comes it will run around. For the last eight years we have put in bridges in this manner, and have never had a bridge wash-out or lost a plank that I know of. Culverts should be 16 feet long and not less than 2 feet wide."

—N. T. Times.

THE REDINGOTE.

Popular and Useful Garment Which I

Again in High Vogue. Plush redingotes, fitting the figure very closely and reaching nearly to the foot of the dress skirt, are to be in high vogue sgain. The backs of the coats are exceedingly full and arranged in deep organ plaits behind to admit the very pronounced misnomers call "improvers," which are added just below the waist. Dark Venetian red. myrtle green, golden brown and even heliotrope plush is made into redingotes or French surtouts. Many ladies, how-ever, prefer the more jaunty-looking, tight-fitting marquise jacket that is trummed with bands of blue fox, Greeian trimmed with bands of blue fox, Grecian lynx or natural beaver. These are certainly very becoming to trim, youthful figures. The coats are made of r ugh cloth of every sort and color, and also of the English mixed suitings. There are shown some stylish jackets of dark blue cloth trimmed with mink fur and fastened with bronze buttons in old medal designs. These are charming. In velvet they are of course more dressy and likewise more expensive. Frieze coats are more popular than ever this season. An effect ve jacket recently noted upon the promenade was made of dark blue frieze cloth, trimmed with blue-fox fur. It was worn above a velof dark blue frieze cloth, trimmed with blue-fox fur. It was worn above a vel-vet and camel's-hair gown of the same color; and as the day happened to be chilly and bleak, the jacket looked most comfortable.—N. Y. Post.

Poultry Versus Beef. To bring an ex to a weight of 1,200 To bring an ex to a weight of 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, fit for the butcher, requires four years or longer in the point of time. The beef will pay 5 or 6 per cent. upon cost of foed and eutlay—never over. 8 per cent. if bred in the Eastern States. In six months from the shell the same value in poultry (say \$100 to \$125) can be produced, grown and marketed, at one-third the cost for feeding and investment. — Foultry World.

In France electricity has been very occasifully applied to quisting restive d victous horses while being shed.

MIGHT IN GREENLAND.

The stoys of Courtehip in the Land of Tab In the countries of the extreme north the nights are six months long. a place that must be to spend an evening with a young a lady! Just think of ing with a young a lady! Just think of it! Think of it, ye poor young swains who are obliged to make your call no longer than the miserable space of four or five poor hours. Think of the pio-nic an Esquimau dude has when he starts out for a call on his inamorata! He arrives at her house just after dark,

He arrives at her house just after dark, and the two sit in the front parlor for a few weeks, not realizing that it is long past the hours of gloaming and that the room is as dark as the tricks of a politician. Then her mother comes in and lights the gas, saying: "I think you children would have better sense than to sit here in the dark. You had better have a little light on the subject."

Then the old lady skips out to give the young people a chance, for she doesn't believe in young girls losing time, and in Greenland there is only one night a year. After her departure the young couple sit on the sofa and look at the photograph album for a week or two. This is no novelty to them, as they know every photograph in the book, from hers, taken when she was in short skirts, to his, taken only yesterday morning, representing him leaning over the back of a chair, twirling his alleged mustache and smilling so vesterday morning, representing him leaning over the back of a chair, twirling his alleged mustache and smiling so persuasively that he looks as if he were trying to get trusted for half a dozen shirts. They sit closer and closer as they begin to get more deeply interested in the photographs. She sauggles up to him and points with her sealskingloved finger to the portrait of her cross-eyed aunt, who was bitten by a Spitz dog the night before. He is deeply moved, although he has seen the picture before, and, as he draws nigh to take a closer look, he presses his arms lightly around her waist, whose symmetry is concealed by her bearskin Mother Hubbard. After his manly arm has been there a few days, she notices it, calls him a "horrid thing," and flounces across the room to the piano. She plays for a fortnight, and then he, wearying of looking at the pictures in "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" on the center table, tip-toes across the floor and embraces her just as she strikes a diminished seventh on the piano. She turns around on the piano-stool with an alluring little giggle, and their lips moet in one brief but blissful kiss, about four days in duration.

This is all very pleasant, of course.

ration.

This is all very pleasant, of course and they sit holding each other's hands and looking volumes of Byronic poetry into each other's eyes for a few more weeks, when an interruption takes place. The parlor door squeaks, and in the twinkling of a hook-and-eye the young man occupies the sofa at one end of the reom and is reading the evening paper, while the young woman is look-ing over the music. It is an embarrass-ing two hours for both of them. When the father enters and looks suspiciously from one to the other. The old gentle-man comes ostensibly to bring the young people some candles to eat by way of a little supper, to be washed down by a bowlful of snow. In reality, however, he is there to see how they are behaving themselves. Anon he leaves them, first winding the clock in a rather suggestive manner, and then setting the alarm four months ahead, in order that he may surely get up in time for break-

What a relief when he is gone! What a relief when he is gone! The two kindred souls again proceed to intercommunion, and no sounds are heard but the barking of the pet seal out in the wood-shed and the suggestive ticking of the well-trained clock as the weeks fly swiftly by. It seems to the twain that the night is yet young, when in about two months and a halt her big brother comes home from the theater where a melodrama in one hundred and forty-seven acts has been rendered by the regular stock-company. Her brother is late, because, bein ten on the leading lady of the company, he took her out for a little suppe ing the greater part of a week. He no sooner vanishes than a sound as of two heavy boots falling on the floor above warns young Lothario that he must soon depart. The old gentleman's boots falling on the floor mean that adieux must be cut short, and that there must must be cut short, and that there must be no hanging over the front gate for thirty-six or forty-eight hours. The young lovers grapple each other in a convulsive embrace. It seems hard that they should have to part, and that he must go so soon, but it must be. Fate is against them. Time waits for no man, and the Spitz dog is untied. They cling about each other's necks for three weeks, breathing vows of fealty, and then kissing her again (time twenty-four hours) he hurries to the gate just as a gruff voice is heard from the top of the stairs, saying: top of the stairs, saying:
"Clarissa, is that young man never

going Clarissa answers: "Do go 'way from the hall, pa. Somebody might see

Then she locks the door, goes to her boudoir and dreams about him—to her the only him in all this wide, wide world—for the next two or three onths.

In some respects Greenland place to live. - Chicago News.

Couldn't Have Been a Woman. Bagley-That was a painful affair in

Frankford last week. Mrs. B.—Oh, do tell me! "A woman was the sole repository of a dreadful secret. On her death-bed she called her relatives around her

"And proclaimed it to all!"
"Not a bit. She died without reveal ing."
"William, that story is untrue, or else it was not a woman."—Philadelphia Cali.

A Coming Pleasure.

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, ignoring his mother's signal to keep still, "did you ever hear pa whistle?"

"No, Bobby," laughed Featherly, "I never had that pleasure."

"Well, you will," went on Bobby. "He told ma that he lent you five dollars last night and he expected to whistle for it."—N. F. Bun.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

—The minutes of the last Presbyterian General Assembly show that 115 of their churches last year received addi-tions of 50 and over each.

-Two or three clergymen in Brook-lyn introduced the practice of giving brief talks to the children before begin-ning the morning sermon.—Brooklyn Union.

—Rome papers report that the Pope intends to establish a great university in the Lateran Palace. The head of the Universities Leonina is to be the Jesuit Cardinal Massella.

-The Chinaman in America is being more and more cared for. According to the New York Tribune "twenty-two Chinese missions have been established in New York and Brooklyn since 1878, and are in a flourishing condition. What is more, a large proportion of the convert 'stick'"

vert 'stick'"

—In an article published in the Nouvelle Revue, a French traveler declares that there is scarcely a village in Syria without a Protestant church; more than one may be found even in the gorges of Mount Hermon. At Beyrout there is a German hospital and American university, where the most practical sciences are taught, especially that of medicine.

—"A Century of Protestant Missions," is the title of a book published in England by the Rev. James Johnston. Is makes the startling estimate that while 3,000,000 converts have been added to the churches, there are now 200,000,000

the churches, there are now 200,000,000 more heathen in the world than there were when Protestant missions began a hundred years age.—N. Y. Witness.

hundred years age.—N. Y. Witness.

The Illustrated Christian Weekly follows up the remarks of President Ellot, of Harvard, in denunciation of the tendency to extravagance that seems to be increasing among collegians with some appropriate remarks of his own. Owing to this extravagance, the scale of expenditure is raised to all, and it will cost the frugal student of to-day from 50 to 100 per cent. more than it did their equally frugal fathers to take a college course in similar comfort.

—In Brazil are found the best schools

—In Brazil are found the best schools in South America. They are divided into three grades—the primary, the secondary, and the technical schools. The first two correspond to the various grades of our public schools. There is but one institution in the country corresponding to our college, namely. responding to our college, namely, "College Don Pedro II," in Rio de Janeiro. The lower schools are free, and the law even demands compulsory attendance.

—The Bishop of Rochester does not approve of the popular clamor for brief sermons. "Do not," he advises his ecclesiastical subordinates, "readily give in to what is often only a worldly give in to what is often only a worldly cry for short sermons. You need a great deal more experience than you can claim now for making a fifteen minutes' sermon that shall be really useful. Either so much will be compressed into it that it will be compressed into it that it will be composible to endure it."

—The figures laid before the Methodist conference show the steady growth

—The figures laid before the Methodist conference show the steady growth of the Methodist Church in Canada. The membership is placed at 197,479. There are 1,610 ministers and probationers. The church has property to the value of \$9,975,043. The number of Sunday-schools is 2,675, with an attendance of 191,185. Sabbath-school papers have a circulation of 229,639. The work of temperance, according to the report of the statistics committee, has been carried on energetically, as is witnessed by the fact that 46,280 Sunday-school scholars have taken the total abstinence pledge.

WIT AND WISDOM.

-Etiquette is natural kindness put into thoughtful acts. - Texas Siftings. -Architectural points of a newspaper. Its columns.—New Age.

-You can not expect a girl of the period to stand fire because she is accus omed to face powder. - N. Y. Independ-

-How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not so much as take warning?—Swift. —What you remember of what you read, and what you save of what you earn, represent your actual value.—Washington Critic.

The peppermint farmers of Wayne County. N. Y., are worried over the decline in peppermint oil, which sells for \$2.60 to \$2.65 a pound. This is quite a peppermint drop.

— "Ugh! it's cold this morning," said
Sniggs to Higgs. "I saw ice on my
sidewalk as I came down town." "Indeed," said Higgs, "was it paid for?"
Tableau.—St. Paul Herald. —"If pigs were to grow on trees what would be a good name for them, Snooper?" "For what, Joggins, the pigs?" "No; the trees." "Don't know; what would?" "Porky pines." —Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—Old Party—Hey, officer, I want to go to Chicago; is this my train? Typical Metropolitan Policeman—Begorra, ol don't know; the men of some railroad company is fornst on the carr, an' of suppose it's their prawperty. Have yees lost a train in wherea?—N.

Y. Mail.

-School-teacher - Cume,

—School-teacher — Come, Bobby, surely you can spell Kentucky—K-e-n-t—Now think what comes after t? Bobby (in deep thought)—Well, I don't know which you mean. There's George for sister Belle, Tommy Brown for me, and the man pop always tells he will settle with in the morning.—The Judgs.

—A crier in a Massachusetts town, whose duty it was to announce anctions, lectures, etc., was needed one day, and those who went to find him were greeted by the following rather equivocal sign nailed upon his door: "Ne crying for three weeks on account of the death of wife."

wife."

—We must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of these cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of muck, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony.—N. Y. Exemiser.

—Maud—O, we must send for the book. B is entitled "A Fortnight in Heaven," by Harold Brydges. Edith—Nonsense; who wants to bother with people's trance visions. "Do you suppose that is what it is?" "Certainly; what else could it be?" "I thought it was about a honeymoon."—Omeke World.

—"My husband is so pectic!" said.